

# BADGER

In the FOX-TRAP.

*A libell on yt Earl of Shaftsbury in yt lower*  
**Satyr upon Satyrs.**  
*9. July, 1681.*

**C**ome not Mourn, now must I be my Theam,  
My Muse must Mourn in a more Serious strain,  
Since I, who ne'r could write to humor men,  
To humor Beasts, must now indulge my Pen.  
One April Evening, I alone did lye,  
In my Chamber Window, some three Stories high,  
To view the prospect of the welcom Spring,  
And hear Night's Choristers their Anthems sing.  
But all those Channing Quire soon were scald,  
By a voice unhallowed, they and I both heard:  
The more the Calm, the more the noise increas'd,  
Voice like a man, but call'd it self a Beast.  
With Hens, and Haws, and Groins, did thus begin,  
Did ever God Create so Vile a thing!  
Internal and External Hoddie-doddy!  
A perfect Monster both in Soul and Body,  
Besides my Names and Titles are as numerous,  
As all my Actions, various still, (and Humorous)

*calling earl  
of Shaftsbury*

Some call me Tony, some *Achitophel*;  
Some Jack a-dandy, some old *Marbrius*.  
Some call me Devil, some his Foster-Brother,  
And Turn-Coat Rebel all the Nation over,  
And some compare me to a Sneaking Snail,  
Who keeps its Shell in Storms of Wind and Hail.  
Some call me *Hydra* with a hundred Heads,  
And some a Monster, all of Mutchless Legs;  
Others the Scab, from whence the Infection Breeds.  
Some call me *Hedge-Hog* in a Prickly Skin,  
And that a treble Fiend is wrapt within.

*ye howls*

But a *Badger* now, caught by a Fatal Snap,  
By th' longest Leg, within the *Foxes* Trap,  
Which here was laid for some such Animal,  
When e're I'm freed, I surely drop to Hell.  
The more I Lug, the more the Spring doth bind me,  
Nay one Tug more leaves all my Legs behind me.  
My Limbs and Sinews, are so Feeble grown,  
That were I loose I cannot stand alone.  
Each Member doth leach others grief bemoan.  
Tho' I from God deserve this punishment,  
Why should the Devil such a Friend torment,  
Whom I have ever took for my *Friend*,  
And for ten thousand Souls he is my Debtor.

~H

Can



Can be at last a Treacherous Guardian be,  
As I to all, that ever Trusted me.  
Tis for his sake, that I'm Deform'd and Hilt at,  
As Wizards all their Life; like Rams-horns Twisted.

But poor *Devil*, now perhaps suspected me,  
That I'd Recant to get my Liberty.  
And therefore Hampers me in this Crampt Jail,  
That I have scarce room to wag my poor old Tail;  
Which I'll ne'r do, to gain three Kingdoms more,  
Then my Ambition, hop'd to make measure.  
Who knows what *Nick* hath yet for me in store?  
Poor Fiend on me, used to have tender Care,  
And made me *Excellent* in Peace and War,  
And yet I have Sense, Children and Fools to Scare;  
By Teaching *Ben* and *Frank* to Write great Lies;  
How mighty Monsters quarrel in the Skies,  
Visions at *Hatfield*, either White or Green,  
Far more Prodigious then the *Fairy Queen*.  
To make them believe the *Papists* still are Plotting,  
To Cut the Throats o'th' Saints whilst they are Napping.  
And that they Burnt the City down about us,  
As sure as I was ever stout or Honest.  
And that they'll endeavour for to do't again,  
To lay the Land in Universal Flame;  
Tho' they themselves be stifled in the stream.  
And how to make the Neighbours Hate each other,  
And for Rvenge to Murder one another;  
And to make a King to Sell a Royal Brother;  
And to make the great Ones like Pikes in a Pond,  
To Devour the Smaller over all the Land.

These are but petty Symptoms of the Shams,  
When my Familiar gave but single Drams.  
But when for sickly State we do contrive,  
Oh! *Roger, Roger*, Oh! my Dribbling side  
Come bring a Spoon, before I am quite Spent,  
And from this Tap receive my Excrement.  
Why *Roger, Harry, Tom, Will, Martha* —  
Where's all the Rogues and Bitches, some of you come forth a-  
The great Defluition of my Canker'd Spleen,  
The Scum o'th' Poison will not stay within,  
But Drains from th' Conclave of declining Parts,  
And quite obstructeth my Etherick Arts;  
Well, I keep Currs, But I am the Dog that Barks.

Then he himself unbuckled, and let fly  
Venemous Extraction, till his Pump waxt dry.  
Which he perceiving, tug'd and Pump't the more,  
Till all his Engines he in pieces tore,  
Then like an *Ass*, the *Badger* he did Roar.  
He Snarl'd, and Curst, and Swore he was undone,  
Expos'd to the Scorn of every Mothers Son.  
Having lost the Sluice which many years had stood,  
And at his pleasure Drown'd the Land in Blood.  
And tho' to's ruine it made the wider Gap,  
He found himself the Fatter in the Trap.





He Hal'd his Limbs, which had his Soul long hated,  
But the Badger's Fast, and Fears he shall be Baited.

But am I now forsaken by my Friends,  
Fools, nor Knaves, Servants, nor none Attends.  
Hells Damn'd Fiends, break off those Slavish Chains,  
Release your Friend, in these unpitied Pains.

Where's my Companions, o'th' same Imputation,  
My Fellow Sharers in the Ruine o'th' Nation.

Where's my Cabals, and Mercenary Men,

Where's Silly *Perkin*, where's *French Dick* and *Ben*;

Where's my Nursery, that Pist all in a Pen?

Where's all our Senat, with their lowd Debates,

Where's our Committes, those Imps, and Quacks of States?

*What no Redress?*

Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Ushers of Black Shades,

Infernal Hell-Hounds, I Conjure your Aides.

Rise up and Tear my Tired Limbs asunder;

Let me like *Faustus* be a second Wonder.

Then one in Black came Limping with all Speed,

I thought the Devil had been come indeed;

So did the *Badger*, and on his Tail did Squat,

*B.* Good Mr. *Devil*, do not take me yet.

*D.* I am no *Devil*, but Chief Doctor in the Synod,  
Who came from *Salamon* in a Minuit:

Lets feel your Wounds, to Cure you I will try:

*B.* Oh! Curfed *R*— thou'rt as foul within as I.

What needst thou feel me Dog, thou wilt undo me,

My *Victim's* gone, a man may see quite through me.

I am past the help of *Doctor*, or of *Devils*,

Nothing but Death, can Cure these growing Evils.

*D.* But since your Distemper is so Deep and Bloody,

And I a Doctor both for Soul and Body;

Prepare your self to make a True Confession,

Be it what it will, I'll give you Absolution.

I am not like those common sort of *Priests*,

Who Absolve none but their own Silly Geese.

I Pardon all, both — *Biter*, *Dipper*, *Pendant*,

Tho' Perjury and Treason hang at the end on't.

All sorts of Rebels, Hypocrites and Atheist,

I Pardon all, but Cavaliers and Papists.

*B.* Some of my Sins are Forty years of Age,

Must I bring those again upon the Stage?

*D.* Yes those to choose, they are old, and now grown Hory,

Shake out the Bag, and make an end of th' Story.

*B.* But how shall I begin this great Confession?

Which in my Soul doth make this deep Impression:

*D.* Not like the Papists with a Bleer'd Contrition.

Speak boldly Sir, with Conscience like a Tanner,

Make every Sin a Trophy of your Honour.

*B.* Why in Forty one, and two, and three, and Four,

I then began to Love a Handsom *W*—

*D.* Very good Sir, well and how much more?

*B.* The rest are State-Affairs, not to be disclos'd,

And by *Malignants*, are too much suppos'd.

*Duke of  
Gloucester  
Francis Smith.  
Edw. Garter King.  
James Harris.*

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And so all that, may well be thus Excus'd;  
I own I have, both Church and ~~K.~~ Abus'd.

King.

D. But you must Specific each dubious Query,

B. Nay then 'twill last from June till January.

D. Well, we must follow Order, Course and Form,

B. Plague Dam the Order, 'I such Custom Scorn:

It has been my Study, ever from my Cradle,

To break all Formal Order, far as I was able.

And must I now, to save an Old Dam'd Soul,

Go disimbogue, each Cranny, Chink and Hole.

D. The more you own, your Crime will be the Lesser,  
Hear to your Reverend Father, and Confessor.

B. Prophane Impostor, Reverend do'st thou say,  
That hast been Perjur'd twenty times a day:

In Capital and Mortal Bloody Cases,

To Murder Innocents with thy Disgraces.

D. 'Twas to Oblige our Sworn Fraternities,  
And to destroy the Causes, Subtil Enemies.

B. Well Dr. now I find you are much Reform'd,  
Since our Cabals have Falter'd and Dissolv'd.

D. 'Twas still my Nature to Sail with the Wind;  
Come Scrape the Kettle, out with what's behind:

B. Lord Father, you have such Influence o're me,  
I wou'd speak all, but that you'l quite Abhor me.

D. Oh! you Little Bashful, Old Arch Wag,  
You know, I neither dare Divulge nor Brag.

B. Why, in Forty Three, I then began to Feel,  
Which way Dame Fortune wou'd bring round her Wheel.

Then I laid hould on that great Instrument,

And left the K. for K. and Parliament.

King.

Me they Embrac'd, and my Advice did Crave,  
Finding I'd Wit enough to be a Knave.

Then I fell on, 'gainst Church, and King, and Heaven;

And Still my Conscience with Times kept Even:

And ne'r Recanted what I Undertook,

Till K. was Kill'd, and 'th Son the Land Forsook.

And then the Scepter fell in Traitors Hands,

And I was ready to Assist Commands.

Then I was made a Minister of State,

And found a way, the Church to Extirpate.

Then I helpt Noll to set up Presbyters,

And Pull'd the Bishops Surple's o'r their Ears;

And made the Clergy look like Privateers.

As they went down, Tub-Preachers they did Rise,

Preach'd Order, Altar down, and Sacrifice.

I made him know, through States great Policy,

Those were the men, to Maintain Tirany.

Noll being Safe, by what I had done for him,

Suspected me, 'cause I Betray'd my King.

Thent to our Tribe he openly Proclaims,

He'd never Trust a man that had three Names.

He Smoak'd my Soul, from its Minority,

Still to be Opposite to all Authority.

Then I was forc't new Measures for to take,

With the Kings Friends, some small Contracts did make.

7.



I Beg'd they wou'd with Patience be contented,  
 For the Kings Return, a means was just invented;  
 But this was done, when I could not prevent it.  
 I put my self i'th' Front o'th' Sufferers,  
 Tho' like to them, I had neither Wounds nor Scars.  
 When he Arriv'd with Glorious Acclamations,  
 And fill'd with Joys the Longing Expectations,  
 All Loyal Hearted Souls of these three Nations.  
 And every Heart that had been Musket Proof,  
 For K. and Country under Fortunes Roof:  
 Had Broak the Fatal Spells of Slaveries,  
 With Joys did Meet the K. upon their Knees.

I, like a Spaniel-Whelp, did Lurk a Loof,  
 And Squint quite through the Opticks of my Hoof.  
 Expecting when the K. on me would Call,  
 And cry my Merits up above them All.  
 But when I found He did mind me no more,  
 Just to His Feet, I Crept upon all Four.  
 Then Clutch'd his Royal Hand between my Paws,  
 As if I'd never been for *Good Old Cause*.

Then His Clemency, Remitted what was past,  
 With Place and Title, be my Honour Grac'd.  
 Which I Improv'd, till I was grown so High,  
 That I again did Envy Monarchy.  
 Which being Smelt by *Tonk*, I was Degraded,  
 And out of all my Dignities Defeated.  
 And ever since my Brain has been a Working,  
 For Sweet Revenge, my Soul hath still lain Lurking.  
 To several Attempts I did Aspire,  
 Ere I could pitch on one that would take Fire.

Till I had got this *Fatal-Plot* well grounded,  
 With Seconds, and with Sham-Plots to Surround it:  
 Which serves as Paint upon an Old Bawds Face,  
 To Fill up Furrows, and to give a Grace;  
 As Painters always Imperfection Blaze.  
 And here we'll make Friendly, Fair Conclusion,  
 I prithee Dr. give me Absolution

D. Nay hold a while, your Crime's but now begin Sir,  
 These were but Vertues to your later Sins Sir:  
 You must rub up your Brains, and Face about,  
 We have the Plot Miftick, yet to Hammer out.

B. God Dam your Reverency, let that go by,  
 You are as deep i'th dirt in that as I;

D. Pox rot your Honour, that's a Plaguy Lie.  
 You have Confest, you were the Engeneer,  
 That Draw'd the Lines, which way the *Plot* would Bear;  
 That who shou'd keep the Front, and who the Rear.

B. And had not your Impudence, still over-Acted,  
 Our Purpose long e're this, had been Perfected.

D. 'Tzounds 'twas for that, that I by you was chosen,  
 'Cause I could Out-face all the Truth in Heaven.

B. But not to Snap the Council up like Peasants,  
 And call them Rascals in the Royal Presence.  
 Nor yet to call the Life-Guards *Papish Traitors*,  
 As if we were their Makers and Creators.

Not



Not to throw an *Odium* on them at their Inns,  
 When you saw our party Totter like Nine-pins;  
 Too late to make the World esteem us Kings.  
 Nor to call Inn-keepers Rogues, for entertaining  
 The King's Life-Guards; those things divulg'd our meaning.  
 Nor to call your self *the Saviour of the Nation*;  
 As if there had been *Oats* from the Creation.

D. 'Sdeath, Have you not acted worse than this?  
 You vex me so, I scarce have time to Piss.  
 You have these seven years, made it your study  
 To draw disgusted Parties to a Body.  
 You held Communion with Tub-preachers juggling,  
 And draw'd their Brethren altogether, smuggling  
 Their holy Sisters, with whom they Ingender,  
 And bring forth Brood that's light with th' same Tinder:  
 Who are bred up in *Fears* and *Jealousies*,  
 Wherewith you daily blind their pur-blind eyes.  
 And thus you draw the hearts of silly Subjects  
 From their own Sovereign, to be odious Objects:  
 For this Impression in their Infancy  
 Deprives them of the sense of *Loyalty*.  
 Thus you seduce the Land for future Ages,  
 To be a Den of Bruits; for wild out-rages;  
 Worse than wild Beasts, who still own some Supreme;  
 Both Infidels and *Indians* do the same.

B. Had you this Doctrine from *Salamanca*,  
 Where you ne're were, I know well, Sir, I thank ye?  
 You need not instance these most biting twinges,  
 Since our Designs are all flung off the hinges.  
 You're ten times worse, were your faults sum'd together,  
 Tho' thou pretend'st to be my Ghostly Father;  
 For thou art neither *Prot. Byter*, nor *Papist*:  
 Best thou canst boast of is *Inhumane Atheist*.

D. You cross old Cur, resolve me these few Questions,  
 And I'll importune for no more Confessions.  
 Who was the Cause of *Scotland's* late Rebellions?  
 Who promis'd to assist their Force with Millions?  
 Who was't draw'd *Perkin* from his Royal Father,  
 To be cajoll'd into the Peoples Favour?  
 Who was't contriv'd the Plotting of *Petitions*,  
 To gull the Nation into blind *Seditions*?  
 Who was't contriv'd Caballing in the City,  
 And to school *Evidence* chose a Committee?  
 Who first contriv'd to Peach both Peers and Judges,  
 And make them scrape before the Bar like drudges?  
 All those in Eminent Places, and great Favour,  
 Yet never could be brought in Guilty neither?  
 Who told the *Commons* that, 'gainst every Trial,  
 They must seclude all Members that were Loyal?  
 That none might ever pass for due Elected,  
 Unless approv'd on by the disaffected?  
 Who was it first that curs'd *Maxim* mov'd,  
 That every Act for Money be reprov'd,  
 Unless *Prerogative* were squeez'd or shov'd?

Who





Who was't contriv'd to have the Guards Indicted,  
 When we our selves the City-Guards united?  
 Who was it cry'd, *No money for the King,*  
 Till Kingly Powers into your hands we bring?  
 Who was it cry'd, *The King must not be trusted*  
 With his own Life, while we are thus disgusted?  
 And that the People they were still in danger  
 Of Native *Papists*, and of *Popish* Stranger;  
 Till th' *Militia, Cinque-Ports, Navy* and the rest,  
 Were all expos'd unto our Care and Trust?  
 Who was't that writ the *Address* for Shire,  
 As if all had been Subscribers that were there,  
 A voting for the Members, and had lear'd on't,  
 Tho' ten in all the number never heard on't?  
 Who was it first invented the *Black Box*,  
 And the *Black Bills* which were to give such knocks?  
 Who was made privy unto *Godfrey's* Death,  
 For which three men already lost their breath?  
 Who was't converted Law into a Cloak,  
 To shelter Knaves, and Innocents to choak?  
 Who was't that gave the Synod Approbations,  
 For to contrive Committees for vexations,  
 And made a Conventicle Synod for three Nations?  
 Who gave Advice to Libel Church and State,  
 And none must mind the meaning, till too late,  
 And the King's Friends made odious, out of date?  
 Who was't perswaded those turn'd out of Places  
 Of great Authority, to make strange faces;  
 And cry out Popery is now approaching;  
 Tho' they before conceived no such poaching?  
 Who was't gave out that a thousand Watermen  
 Had all conspir'd to Petition, when  
 The Parliament to *Oxford* were conven'd,  
 That they might sit at *Westminster* for them;  
 But ne're were heard of more from *Smith* nor *Pen*?  
 Who was't endeavour'd all that preparations,  
 To guard the City Members in their Stations  
 To *Oxford*; which look'd far more Arbitrary  
 Than *Forty One*, or absolute *Old Harry*?  
 Who was the occasion of the late obstruction  
 Of the *Addresses* of the Cities Loyal Production;  
 Was't not the Canker of your Taps defluction?  
 Who school'd *Fitz-Harris* for two years together,  
 And turn'd his Conscience thick as *Bullocks* Leather;  
 And kept him for reserve to sweep the Court  
 Of King and Queen, and all that them support?  
 And now the Fool begins to stink for fear,  
 And is in danger quite as much as we are:  
 But makes such scruples to put by the Coller,  
 As if he meant to hang *Sir W. W.* *By William Wadley.*  
 Who hath influenc'd all this *Perjury*,  
 Which hath out-fac'd both Law and Loyalty?  
 Who is't that holds the Plot still by the tail,  
 As Seamen tugg, to tack about their Sail;

And

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And now by *one* small breeze of Justice breath,  
 Fear to be shipwreck'd to eternal Death?  
 Who animated the wild Votaries of late,  
 To make themselves Comptrollers of the State;  
 And that their Votes, without concurrence, might  
 Impeach the Crown or Peers in spite of Right?  
 Who was't destroy'd both Monarchy and Law,  
 And would make it lawful by a second blow?  
 Who cry'd, These Visions and strange Revelations,  
 Tells us for Wars we must make preparations,  
 Whilst we know no danger but our own Damnations?  
 Who made the Speech burn'd by the Hangman's hand,  
 Which did both Threaten, and the King Command?  
 In short, Who was this *Hellish Plot's* Contriver?  
 Who was its Plaintiff-Engine; who its Driver?  
 If it was You, ingeniously confess't,  
 And I'll give you Absolution for the rest.

*B.* Nay, Doctor, now I find you'll not abhor me,  
 For you your self makes my Confession for me.  
 Then nods and fleers, and at this motion grins;  
 These are but Title-pages of my Sins.

*D.* Nay, for the rest we'll ne're stand to unhol;  
 They're only symptom-Insects in your soul;  
 Flaws of distinction between fair and foul.

*B.* Well, since I find that all my hopes are past,  
 E're to shake off what I pull'd on so fast,  
 But that I, at worst, can hang my self at last  
 Rather than live under this ill, true notion,  
 After your kind Advice and friendly Caution,  
 I must confess, tho' with a feign'd Devotion,  
 All these black Crimes which to my charge you lay,  
 And many a thousand, ten times worse than they.  
 Since I'm imperfect to perform the rest  
 He whisper'd then, and I suppose confess't;  
 Thus far degenerated from a Beast.

*D.* And then the *Doctor*, with his bended Chin,  
 Canted some words, and so absolv'd his sin.  
 And swore by the *Holy Doom* of his best Trade,  
*Badger* thou art a *Papist* now, as good as e're was made:  
 By this Canonick *Salamancha* Gown,  
 I give to thee my best Benediction.

*B.* The *Badger* then began to frisk and squail,  
 As a Cow that's stung with Hornets in the Tail.  
 Thou *Popish Dog*, had I but power to rally,  
 I'd make thee know thate all Christian Folly.

But in the interval, to prevent new Broils,  
*Aurora* rose, and all the *Sequel* spoils;  
 Whose splendid looks, with *Phæbus* in the Rear,  
 Drives all Malignance to a darker Sphere.  
 Their Conscience then with fear began to crack;  
 The *Doctor* hol'd, with the *Badger* at his back;

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